

CRIME MUST PAY THE

PENALTY

# PENALTY!

ACE

TRUE CASES OF ACTUAL CRIMES

AUGUST 10c

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# Reservation for a Cold Slab



AN  
ACTUAL  
CASE

TWO MORE HOODS  
DEAD ON ARRIVAL?  
HEMM.. MOST BE  
AN EPICURE IN  
SANDLAND?

YES--A FATAL  
DISEASE NAMED  
WRECK TYSON?

WRECK TYSON, PROFESSIONAL WATCHMAN, HAD LATERED ONTO A CUNNING RACKET--TRAFFICKING IN UNDERWORLD CHARACTERS WHO HATED REWARDS. YET WRECK TYSON HAD THE REPUTATION OF BEING THE MOST HOSPITABLE CRIMINAL IN SANDLAND, ESPECIALLY IF THE "HEAT" OF THE BOON WAS MATCHED BY THE PRICE ON HIS HEAD? THEN ONE WOULD GET YOU A WARNING THAT WRECK'S "GUEST" WOULD TURN UP -- OF THE POLICE STATION -- DEAD ON ARRIVAL!

THE MAN WHO WILL SHELTER A "HOT" BANGBAM IS A SOBSEAL. THE UNDERWORLD TRUSTS HIM AND LOVES HIM. TAKE THE CASE OF THE WELSON BROTHERS WHO PLEADED WITH WRECK TYSON TO GET THEM OUT OF THE COUNTRY.

IS THAT  
YOU,  
WRECK?

NEARLY PUT  
AWAY YOUR  
HOODS!

IS IT ALL SET?  
WE'RE LEAVIN'  
THE COUNTRY?



IT'S ALL  
ARRANGED!  
YOU LEAVE  
IMMEDIATELY!

GREAT! DIDN'T I TELL YOU  
WRECK TYSON COULD FIX IT?  
NOW? WHERE ARE WE  
HEADED FOR, WRECK?







EVERYBODY KNOWS TYSON ISN'T LILY-PURE! BUT HE'S BORN A SCAVENGER'S SERVICE!

A DOZEN MURDERED HOODS, ALL SHOT IN THE BACK, IS REAL SCAVENGER'S SERVICE, ALL RIGHT!



RYAN BEGAN TO WATCH TYSON IN HIS SPARE TIME, USUALLY AT THE BOWLING CLUB, WHERE TYSON'S GIRL FRIEND, LOLA BARKS, DANCED.

MICE CROW TYSON SURROUNDED HIMSELF WITH / AFE MICHAELS AND MIKE GRILLO-- HARD SELLERS / AND CAP HACKETT, PROFESSIONAL FINGER MAN!

I GOTTA TALK TO YOU ALONE, WRECK! IT'S IMPORTANT!

OKAY, LOLA! YOU GUYS WAIT HERE!



A FEW MINUTES LATER, IN LOLA BARKS'S DRESSING ROOM, SOMEONE'S IN THE ROOM, DON'T SHOOT, WRECK! IT'S MY COUSIN DANNY!



IT IS A JAN, TYSON! BARK ROBERTY / A BARK WAS CHIEF! THEY GOT A REWARD OUT FOR ME! I NEED A HIDEING PLACE!

YOU'VE GOT TO HELP DANNY!



I'VE GOT DOWNS! I CAN PAY MY WAY! JUST BURY ME!

SURE, I'LL BURY YOU, DANNY! KEEP YOUR MONEY!



OH, WRECK, YOU'RE SO WONDERFULLY SO KIND!

IT'S NOTHING! I'M GOIN' OUTSIDE TO SEE IF THE COAST IS CLEAR! MEET ME OUT IN THE ALLEY IN TWENTY MINUTES, DANNY!





CHON, ABE, AND MIKE/HAGGERTY,  
YOU STAY HERE! SOMEBODY  
ELSE HAS RECOMMENDED ME  
A PIECE OF BUSINESS!

HHMM...  
SOMETHING IS  
UP! EVERYBODY'S  
LEAVING EXCEPT  
HAGGERTY!



THE BOYS WILL TAKE  
YOU TO A SECRET  
HIDEOUT, DANNY!  
THANKS,  
WRECK! I'LL  
NEVER FORGET  
THIS!



BUT TEN MINUTES LATER...  
HEY! THERE'S A  
BRICK WALL AHEAD!  
(GASP!) GUNSHOTS! WHAT  
DID YOU PULL THEM  
OUT FOR?

DANNY'S  
THE  
MAYBE  
TYPE! NO  
WONDER HE  
GETS INTO  
JAIL, EH,  
MIKE?



AT THE SOUND OF THE GUN, TYSON RUSHES FROM DOWN...  
STOP,  
OR I  
FIRE!  
SOMEBODY'S COMIN' UP THE ALLEY! DUCK INTO  
THE CELLAR! WE'LL NEVER FIND US  
IN THE DARK!



SO TYSON FOLLOWED AT A DISTANCE (STILL), AS  
WRECK WENT BACKSTAGE...

YOU GO BACK, LEO! I'LL SEE YOU AFTER THE  
ONE O'CLOCK SHOW! DANNY'S IN GOOD HANDS NOW!  
I'M TAKING HIM WHERE NO G-BOYS WILL  
BOTHER HIM!



YEARS! BUT WE  
KEPT OUR WORD,  
DANNY! NO G-BOY  
CAN BOTHER  
YOU WHERE  
YOU'RE GOIN'!

GUTTY DOUBLE-  
CROSSED! HOW  
TOOK HE OUT  
HERE TO KILL  
ME / WRECK!



LISTEN... (GASP!)  
TELL THE G-BOYS  
WHERE TYSON  
WENT HE / (GASP!)  
GRRHH!  
HE'S DEAD! I'LL TELL  
THE POLICE, ALL RIGHT!  
BUT NOT RIGHT AWAY!  
NOT TELL I CATCH  
TYSON RED-HANDED!

TEN HOURS LATER, AS THE POLICE ARRIVED WITH MURDER TYSON TO VIEW THE BODY...

I WAS BRINGING HIM IN, WHEN HE GOT SUSPICIOUS AND PUT UP A FIGHT! IT WAS HIM OR ME, AN' I WON!

YOU'RE WEAR- ING THAT STONY TERN, TYSON? YOU'VE USED THE SAME BAG THE LAST THREE TIMES YOU APPLIED FOR REWARD MONEY!

SAG, STORY-- CALL IT ANYTHING YOU WANT! THE GUY HAS A REWARD ON HIS HEAD, DEAD OR ALIVE! I'M DELIVERIN' HIM BEAR!



LATER THAT NIGHT, AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

SO TYSON'S BEEN MURDERING THESE RATS, WHILE PRETEND- ING TO SHELTER THEM? WHY DON'T YOU ARREST HIM ON THE SPOT, KYLE?

I WANT TO MAKE SURE TYSON "BURNS" BY CATCHING HIM WITH THE GOODS! I CAN DO IT, WITH THE DEPARTMENT'S COOPERATION!



YOU'LL HAVE OUR HELP? WHAT'S YOUR PLAN, KYLE?

TYSON DOESN'T KNOW ME--I'M A NEW MAN ON THE FORCE! WITH A LITTLE MAKE-UP JOBBE, I CAN PASS FOR A HUNTED GUNFIGHTER! AND I KNOW JUST THE PERSON TO ARRANGE THE INTRODUCTION!



EARLY THE NEXT MORNING, AT THE MORGUE...

THE CITY'S MURDERING GUY, WHOSE TOLD ME THE GUY'S SHOT DANNY WHILE DANNY WAS TRYING TO BREAK DOWN A STREET!

YOUR COUSIN WAS DELIBERATELY NAME-DENIED, LOLA! IT'S A RACKET WITH NERCK! BUT YOU CAN Avenge DANNY!



ACCORDINGLY, THAT NIGHT, LOLA SOMET INTRODUCED A "FRIEND" OF HER DEAD COUSIN'S TO CAP HAGGERTY THE STOLEN PRISON...

THAT'S THE REWARD THEY HAVE OUT FOR ME, HAGGERTY? FIVE GRAND, DEAD OR ALIVE? THEY MUST WANT ME PRETTY BAD!

YOU SAY YOU COME FROM DANNY'S MOB? HON'S MY OLD FRIEND AXIE BACKLEN?



A CATCH QUESTION! AXIE BACKLEN MAY OR MAY NOT EXIST! GIVE THE WRONG ANSWER AND THEY'LL KNOW I'M A FIGHT!

AXIE'S NOT SO GOOD! HIS ULCER'S ACTING UP AGAIN!









# TRIGGERMAN'S TREATMENT





IT HURT ME TO DO THIS, FRANK! I ALWAYS THOUGHT YOU WERE A NICE GUY! BUT IT WAS OBVIOUS! BARE AND SO - THEY WANTED YOU "OUT OF THIS WORLD!"



THEY JUST SAID! "FRANK, JELLY CAME IN FROM THE COAST. VENTILATE HIM!" I ASKED WHY. THEY LAUGHED! THEY SAID I SHOULDNT TRY TO THINK - THAT BEARS AN' ME HERE STRANGERS! BUT WHAT AM I TALKIN' FOR! YOU CANT HEAR ME, FRANK...



NOWBODY CAN HEAR ME.. NOWBODY LISTENS TO ME! I'M BACK TOGETHER, THE DOPE! THE GUY WHO THINKS WITH A GUN! THE BEARD BOY! THE BUTCHER! THE SUCKER!



TWO HOURS LATER... AT A JEROME NIGHT SPOT... REG RABSON, MR. ROSAN... MR. TORNER JUST CAME IN! YOU ASKED ME TO TELL YOU WHEN HE ARRIVED!

YEAH, THANKS, BARE! COMIN', BO!



GREETINGS, BARK! HOW YOU FEELIN'?

HOW SHOULD A GUY FEEL AFTER HE KILLED AN OLD FAL!



I DIDNT THINK IT MATTERED WHO YOU SHOT, AS LONG AS YOU GOT PAID!

WARRER YOU LL FEEL DIFFERENT WHEN YOU LEARN WHY FRANK CDD!



FRANK WAS OPENIN' UP A WEST COAST BRANCH FOR OUR BACKBTS! THEN WE FOUND OUT FRANK WAS GETTING ANTIQUES - FOR HIMSELF!

THATS WHY WE TOLD HIM TO COME BARE - TO PRESENT THE DOUBLE-CROSS! NATURAL - BY WE GAVE YOU THE SUBJECT JOE! WHO BETTER AT SUBCUTS!



SO JACK WAS GIVEN A DOZEN MOORS AND A BUNDLE OF CASH AND WAS PACKED OFF TO LOS ANGELES...





"I'M GOING TO L.A. ARE YOU?"  
"I DON'T KNOW ANYBODY OUT THERE! I'M GOING TO TRY TO GET A JOB IN PICTURES!"

"SO AM I, IN A WAY! BUT YOU WON'T BE LONGER IN L.A. NOT AS LONG AS MACK, YOURS, THERE WITH YOU!"



"AN HOUR LATER..."  
"BARELY TWO IS QUINCY! EVERYTHING WENT OK WITHOUT A WHOP! MACK AND ANNA ARE GETTING ALONG FINE! BUT, BOY, MACK PACKS A PUNCH! HE GAVE ME ONE ON THE JAW I'LL NEVER FORGET!"



"MACK DON'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT DANCE, AND ANNA WILL MAKE A GOOD SPT! I WANT NO REPRISALS OR WHAT HAPPENED WITH BEARL JESS!"



"EVERYTHING'S DOWN, SO YOUR GAL ANNA'S GOING TO KEEP TALK ON THE LUNAR!"

"GREAT! ONLY ONE THING IN GAL KNOWLEDGE THERE'S A NEW BACKUP IN THE SECOND LINE AT THE SECRET CLUB!"



"YOU AND YOUR DANCE! WHAT IF ANNA WANTS OUT SHE'S WINDING UP!"

"WHY GOING TO TELL HER? HELLO, THERE! THIS IS SO BETA! RIGHT! THE MAN WITH THE LUNAR!"

A MONTH PRESSED OUT IN HOLLYWOOD, FINISHED IN FUNDS AND MOODS BY SO BETA AND BAREL JESS, MACK TURNER MADE THE FILM INDUSTRY A SUCCESSFUL SOURCE OF REVENUE...



"HOW MANY OTHER MOVIE PRODUCERS HAVE YOU SPOOK DOWN THE WAY, TURNER?"

"EVERY ONE I CAN GET AT! IT'S VERY EASY! A PRODUCER CAN'T MAKE PICTURES WITHOUT STARS! SO I ORGANIZED THE STARS!"



"THERE, I TELL YOU WHICH PRODUCERS TO WORK FOR OR STARS AGAINST, OR WHATEVER THE PRODUCERS FOR GET OR NOT HEAT, EH!"

"YOU SA GET YOUR STARS TOGETHER!"

NOT AS LONG AS YOU PRODUCE DON'T WANT A SPURGE IN THE MIDDLE OF A PRODUCTION THAT'LL LOSE YOU TEN THOUSAND BUCKS A DAY! CAN YOU HEAR NORTH, BIG BROT?



OF COURSE, MY EVERY PRODUCE GAVE TENDER THE BLACKMAIL. THESE COURAGEOUS FEW HAD TO BE PERSUADED IN OTHER WAYS...

A-HO HOES! PLEASE! (GASP!) I-OW, AND YOU WHAT YOU WANT!

MY FIGURE IS DOUBBLE! DON'T PAN UP OR GET YOUR PROBLE SHARED!



WITH THE TREASURE HE COLLECTED, JACK MURKED IN ON THE WEST COAST BACKETS, SETTING UP HIS GAMBLING DIVE AND WIRE ROOMS...

IT'S VERY NIC... BUT DON'T THE OTHER GAMBLERS OBJECT? I HEAR THE ONES WHO ESTABLISHED THEMSELVES BEFORE YOU GOT HERE!

I AMT AGREED ABOUT THEM! I GOT MORE TO BIG-ESTABLISH THEM!



BUT THERE WERE ONLY ONE! WHY JACK HANDED COMPETITION, HE PROBE THEM OUT, WITH MACHINE GUN BULLETS!



SOMEHOW JACK PREFERRED BLOOD, ESPECIALLY RED. BVAL SET-TOGETHER, THERE OPEN WIREING PROBE TO BE BIG TEMPTATIONS...



THEN, OF COURSE, THEREWERE COME TRIED AND TRUE METHOD-KILLING, SHOOTING, AND GROWING!



BUT THE BAND WAS HAD ABOUT TO TRAP AN ORANGE. THAT! ONE RIGHT JACK TENSE COLLECTED A BUNCH OF PICKED ADD-MEN...



I WASTE NOW THE TIME AND  
COME TO POINT THE ROSE THE  
OTHER WAY! YOU SEE, I'M  
SUPPOSED TO BE A GUN-  
SLINGER! MY BOSSES SENT  
ME OUT HERE TO  
ORGANIZE THE  
RACKETEERS FOR  
THEM!

SAME ROOM AND NO  
DEAL!

YEP! AFTER A LUMP  
BRICKED A JOB FOR  
THEM, HE GOT A  
WOODEN SHANK! SO I'M  
STAYING ONE STEP A-HEAD!  
BETTER THEY  
ROT IN THERE  
QUAKER THAN  
ME!

I GET IT!  
YOU WANT  
US TO WRE  
OUT THE  
WOODS THEY  
SENT  
WITH  
YOU!

STEAD! THEN I WANT A  
LOYAL BUNCH OF GUNS LIKE  
YOURSELVES TO HELP ME  
RUN THE WEST COAST  
SYNDICATE! CALL  
ME AT 32-60!

HACK! YOU JUST  
BOUGHT YOURSELF  
A NEW GANG!



SO HACK SET OFF HIS OLD FACE BY THROWING  
AN EXCLUSIVE PARTY...

HEY! WHO  
ARE THESE  
GUYS!

YOU NEVER KNOW  
MOMMA! CRASH A  
PARTY! JAWZ PUN,  
FELLOWS!

STAND UP  
AGAINST THE  
WALL-- ALL  
OF YOU!



SHORTLY AFTER, HACK PREPARED FOR THE FOLLO...

THIS WAS A  
MARRIAGE!  
WHO DID IT,  
TOMMY!

SOME WEST COAST MOB! THEY KNEW  
THE GUY OF (B) EASTBERRY! I  
WAS JUST ASKING 'EM A SHAVE!  
THAT'S HOW THEY GOTTED AWAY!



A WEEK LATER, HACK TURNED WAS THE UNDISCOVERED KING OF  
THE WEST COAST RACKETEERS. ONE MORNING, HOWEVER, HE  
HAD A VISITOR FROM THE EAST...

I'M HERE TO WARN YOU, HACK!  
I WON'T BOTHER IF BACK  
AND SO DON'T COME AS OUT  
OF MY CUT FOR INTRODUCING  
YOU TO ARMY! BUT ALL I  
GOT OUT OF THAT WAS A  
HACK IN THE PARTS!

YOU INTRODUCED ME  
TO ARMY! WHAT  
ARE YOU TALKING  
ABOUT!





ANITA'S JOB IS TO REPORT BACK TO HER SUPERVISOR ED DENNA. EVERY LITTLE MOVE YOU MAKE I BARE AND SO ARE AHEAD YOU MIGHT WANT TO TAKE OVER LIKE FRANK JELKE TRIED TO!

THAT DOUBLE-CROSSER! CROSSBRED -- SAYS ANITA GETTING NO MORE COAT FROM ME / I'M GONNA WIRE TAP HER PHONE!

THAT NIGHT, ANITA GOT A PHONE CALL FROM ED DENNA. HE WAS IN PRISCO WITH BASS ROBINSON.



WE'RE GOT TO MOVE FAST, ANITA, AND RUN OUT THAT DOUBLE-CROSSER HOO DO BEFORE HE GETS ANY STRONGER!

WHAT SHALL I DO?

MAKE HIM TAKE HIS PLANE TO PRISCO BASS AN AIRMAIL HANDLES THE REST!



A FEW HOURS LATER, IN ANITA'S ROOM, LISTENING TO A PLAYBACK OF THE WIRE TAP...

EDDIE AND FRANK! MAKE THE REST! CIDE

THE DOUBLE-CROSSER! HELLO! IT'S ALL I'M SAYING YOU GIVE SCRAM UP TO TRICKS NOW! I WANT ROBIN AND DENNA DEAD BY THE TIME I GET THERE!

SO A COUPLE OF HOURS LATER, MEANWHILE, ANITA WAS KEEPING A COCKTAIL DATE WITH A SHOWBIZ FRIEND FROM THE EAST.



FACE IT, KID! YOU'RE ALL WASHED UP WITH ED DENNA! HE'S BEEN RUNNING AROUND WITH SOME REDHEAD FROM THE ROCKET CLUB!

THEN I'VE BEEN BACKING THE WRONG HORSE! I'VE GOT TO WIRE HACK!

BUT A FEW HOURS LATER, AS ANITA WAS DRESSING FOR HER DINNER DATE WITH HACK.



EVERYING, MICE BROWN! I'M THE PILOT OF JACK TOWNSEND'S PRIVATE PLANE! MR. DENNA PHONED ME FROM PRISCO TO GET YOU BEFORE HACK TAKES OFF!

BUT WHY SEE MR. I



THE PLANE'S NOT GOING TO READY PRISCO! I'M BAKING OUT HALFWAY BETWEEN L.A. AND PRISCO! MR. DENNA WANTS YOU TO MAKE SURE HACK'S ON THE PLANE!

OH-- I SEE! I'LL MAKE SURE, DON'T WORRY!

AN HOUR LATER, AS ANITA LEFT HER APPOINTMENT.



I CAN'T GET DIED NOW QUARTER ROBIN AND DENNA TALKED TO ME OVER THE PHONE--TO MURDER BY PLANE! WE GOTTA CELEBRATE! ALL I'LL CELEBRATE IS THAT FUNERAL!

HERE COMES ANITA BOBBY!





MEANWHILE, IN REDWOOD, RODD AND DENNA HAD  
RECEIVED A VISIT FROM SOME UNKNOWN  
"FRIENDS" IN THE GAMB HOTEL.



BUT AT THAT VERY MOMENT TWENTY  
MILES FROM REDWOOD...



MOMENTS LATER, MACK-TOWERS  
ALMOST STRUCK CALIFORNIA BOB  
THE YEAR-TOP OF THE RACKET  
AND DOWN! HE HAD MADE US  
"MILK" ON THAT BOLL, BUT HE  
DON'T LIVE VERY LONG TO  
ENJOY IT!



# MAYHEM on the Pacific Limited

ON SEPTEMBER 22ND 1992, AT APPROXIMATELY FIVE MINUTES TO SIX IN THE LATE AFTERNOON, THE PACIFIC LIMITED PULLED OUT OF DENVER TO COMPLETE ITS RUN TO THE WEST COAST. A SHIPMENT OF \$7,000,000 RESTLED IN THE SAFE IN THE MAIL CAR... AND BESIDE IT IN A PLAIN WRAPPER, RESTED A PACKAGE OF DEATH AND DESTRUCTION. HALF AN HOUR LATER, AS THE TRAIN RIMBLED OVER THE COLORADO COUNTRYSIDE...



AN  
ACTUAL  
CASE

A LOT OF CURSIVE AND DIABOLICAL PLANNING WENT INTO THE BLOWING UP OF THE PACIFIC LIMITED'S MAIL CAR. IT ALL STARTED IN RICHIE GERMANY'S HOTEL ROOM IN DENVER, A WEEK EARLIER...

TWO SEN. CALVIN BORNAY, IS REAL BIG TIME! SO YOU GUYS KEEP CLAIMED UP WHEN HE ARRIVES! HE'S OUT ANY MINUTE!



HEY, THE PHONE! MAYBE THAT'S HIM NOW!

THERE'S A MR BORNAY DOWN IN THE LOBBY TO SEE YOU, SIR!

I AM EXPECTING HIM! SEND HIM UP!





GLAD TO SEE YOU, MR. BORRAN! THESE ARE MY BOYS: STEV, JACKIE, FOMEL, AND BEN!

ALL HERE? GOOD, BORRAN! I DON'T LIKE TO WASTE TIME! I'VE GOT ALL THE PLANS WITH ME, AND WE CAN GET RIGHT DOWN TO BUSINESS!



THESE PLANS ARE ALL Laid OUT TO PERFECTION, AND NOTHING'S BEEN OVERLOOKED! IF MY INSTRUCTIONS ARE FOLLOWED TO THE LETTER, NOTHING CAN GO WRONG! THE JOB WILL NET A MILLION AND A HALF! MY CUT IS 250 THOUSAND!



A 20-20 GPUT IS OKAY WITH ME?

SURE THING!

I'VE ALREADY EXPLAINED IT TO THEM, MR. BORRAN! YOU GET HALF, AND WE SPLIT THE OTHER HALF!

AGREED



AN HOUR LATER, CACVIN BORRAN EMERGED FROM THE IMPERIAL HOTEL AND STEPPED INTO A CAB.

247 FOM STREET, RIGHT?

ARRIVING AT HIS DESTINATION, BORRAN MOORFED FOUR FLIGHTS OF RICHYD STAIRS TO THE TERRACE ROOM OF ARLEEN CLAPPER...



HEY, DON'T YOU BELIEVE IN KNOCKING? WHO ARE YOU? WHAT DO YOU WANT?

OH, COME, COME, CLAPPER! SURELY YOU RECOGNIZE YOUR OLD CRIMINAL!



BORRAN! WHY CAN'T YOU LEAVE ME ALONE? I'M TRYING TO LEAD A DECENT LIFE! WHAT DO YOU WANT OF ME?

WHAT DO I WANT? A FAVOR, CLAPPER! A FAVOR ONLY YOU CAN BESTOW!



AND WHAT IS IT? I REFUSE, BORRAN! LEAVE THEM!

YOU'VE ONLY PAID FOR ONE OF MANY CRIMES, CLAPPER! IF THE BALROAD FOUND OUT ABOUT YOUR PART, YOU'D BE OUT OF A JOB! AND SHOULD THE POLICE DISCOVER FROM AN UNKNOWN SOURCE YOUR PART IN OTHER CRIMES, WELL... BUT YOU WON'T REFUSE, WILL YOU, CLAPPER?



IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOWED, BOWMAN'S EXPERIENCED HANDS LABORED OVER THE CONTENTS OF THE IMPORTANT PACKAGE.

THE TRAIN SCHEDULED TO PULL OUT OF DENVER AT 5:51, GIVING IT A LEADWAY OF FIVE MINUTES, AND SETTING THE OPERATION FOR \$12. THE TRAIN WILL DEFINITELY BE ON A LONELY UNINHABITED STRETCH WHEN IT SLOWS!



THE BIG DAY ARRIVED, AND BOWMAN DELIVERED THE PACKAGE ACCORDING TO INSTRUCTIONS, THAT AFTERNOON, AT ABOUT 5:51.

HEY! LOOK, MEL! THERE'S THAT ONE AND A HALF MILLION DUCK SHIPMENT! LOOK AT IT! JUST TEN FEET AWAY!



HERE'S A SPECIAL PACKAGE, GUY! IT'S HEAVILY INSURED! TAKE EXTRA CARE OF IT! PLACE IT IN THE SAFE!



SMOOTH AS SILK! I THOUGHT CLAPPER MIGHT GET COLD FEET! CALVE BOWMAN, THAT'S THE EASIEST \$100,000 YOU EVER MADE!

IT'S 5:51! ONLY A MINUTE TO GO BEFORE WE PULL OUT! I'LL SHUT HER UP NOW!



WHAT'S THAT? I DON'T FIGURE ON THE GUARDS GOING ALL THE WAY TO L.A. OH WELL, NO MATTER! THEY WON'T BE IN ANY CONDITION TO CAUSE TROUBLE AFTER THAT BOMB GOES OFF!



MEANWHILE, AT THE EDGE OF TOWN DEARHAMS BOYS WERE BUSY ENGAGED IN AN IMPORTANT OPERATION...



CWON, SNAP IT UP, YOU DICKS! GET THOSE BARE PLATES ON! WE'VE GOT TO GET ROLLING!

ALMOST DONE, BOSS! WHAT'S THE IDEA OF CHANGING THE PLATES ANYWAY?



THERE SHE IS, RICHIE! AND SHE'S NOT COMING TOO FAST, EITHER!

GOOD! THAT MEANS WE'LL BE ABLE TO KEEP UP WITH IT! LET'S SEE, GID? TWENTY MINUTES MORE, BOYS!

AND AS THE SEDAN SPEED ALONG THE HIGHWAY, ALONGSIDE THE PACIFIC LIMITED, MERVIN CLAPPER ALSO TOOK NOTE OF THE TIME...



6:00! IT'LL ALL BE OVER IN TWENTY MINUTES! THEY'LL PROBABLY NEVER EVEN FIND A TRACE OF OLD GUS! AND I DID IT! SEE!



I CAN'T GO THROUGH WITH IT! OFFERS! THAT TRAIN THAT JUST PULLED OUT! IT'S GOT TO BE STOPPED! THERE'S A BOMB IN THE MAIL CAR! IT'LL GO OFF AT 6:25!

WHAT? THERE'S A PATROL CAR OUT THERE!



I'LL SIGN A CONFESSION! THERE'S NO TELEGRAPH ABOARD, AND MY OTHER CRIMES! BUT YOU'VE GOT TO STOP THAT TRAIN!

BUT HOW? THERE'S NO TELEGRAPH ABOARD, AND IT DOESN'T PASS THROUGH ANOTHER TOWN UNTIL AFTER 7:00!

WHY? GUS, THE MAIL CAR GUARD, HAS A SON WHO'S A DISC-JOCKEY! GUS KEEPS A PORTABLE RADIO WITH HIM ALL THE TIME TO LISTEN TO HIM - HE'S ON THE AIR BETWEEN 6:00 AND 7:00! IT MAY BE WORTH A TRY! DO YOU ONLY LESS THAN FIFTEEN MINUTES LEFT!

IN A MAD RACE WITH DEATH, MELVIN CLAPPER SOON  
 ADDS WITH POLICE CHIEF KENDALL AS THE  
 SECONDS TICKED BY DANGEROUSLY...



NO NEED TO TELL  
 YOU, CLAPPER, THAT  
 IF WE FAIL, YOU'LL  
 BE UP ON A  
 MURDER  
 CHARGE!

I'M NOT  
 CONCERNED  
 ABOUT ANY-  
 BODY ANY  
 MORE,  
 CHIEF!



AND NOW HERE'S A  
 LITTLE NUMBER  
 WE'VE HAD LOTS  
 OF REQUESTS  
 FOR! IT'S...

HEY!  
 YOU  
 CAN'T  
 COME  
 IN HERE!  
 WE'RE  
 ON THE  
 AIR!

LET ME AT  
 THE MINE!  
 THE LIFE OF  
 THAT KID  
 OLD MAN IS  
 AT STAKE!



ATTENTION! THIS IS CHIEF  
 OF POLICE KENDALL IN  
 DENVER! GUS BAKER, IF  
 YOU'RE TUNED IN, LISTEN!  
 GET OUT OF THE MAJ  
 CAR! THERE'S A TIME  
 BOMB IN THE SAFE!  
 HURRY!



AND ARCHOTHE PHOTO LIMITED.  
 "WAA..." IT'S GOT TO GO OFF AT  
 5:35! YOU'VE GOT LESS  
 DID YOU  
 THAN A MINUTE!  
 YOU HEAR  
 DON'T TOUCH THE  
 THAT? BOMB! GET OUT  
 OF THE CAR!

HERE! THIS  
 WAY! COME  
 ON BEFORE  
 WE'RE  
 BLOWN  
 UP!



THERE SHE BLOWS, BOOM! LOOKAY  
 THAT WILL KILL \$500 ON THE NOSE!  
 YOUR, BOY BOBBAY SURE LIVED UP  
 TO HIS REPUTATION!

BOOM!  
 SHE'LL COME  
 TO A STOP  
 BOY! I'LL  
 CRUISE OVER!  
 YES, GUTTA  
 GRAB THE  
 DOUGH  
 AND  
 SCRAM!



WE GOTTA SEARCH UNTIL WE FIND THAT DOUGH!  
 IT'S PROBABLY SOMEWHERE NEAR THE SAFE!  
 SHOOT AT ANYBODY WHO POES HIS HEAD  
 OUT OF...

SOMEBOY'S  
 SHOOTIN' AT US!  
 DEN'S BEEN  
 HIT!  
 ARGHHH!



SO THAT WAS IT!  
 THEY PLANTED A  
 BOMB TO BLOW  
 US UP AND GET  
 AT THAT  
 MONEY  
 SHIPMENT!

KEEP DOWN,  
 GUS! THEY'RE  
 SHOOTING BACK!  
 AH, I GET  
 ANOTHER  
 ONE!  
 ME, TOO!  
 DON'T LET  
 THEM  
 GET BACK TO  
 THE  
 CAR!

SORMAY SAID NOTHING COULD GO WRONG. THE DIRTY, FILTHY SWINE WAS GETTING OUTTA HERE. I GOT A VERY SPECIAL JOB TO DO.



THAT MURDERING RAT'S OUTTIN' AWAY! DEEP FIRING! WE'RE GOT TO STOP HIM!

ALL MY BOYS... DEAD! ALL BECAUSE SORMAY LOVED UP SOMEWHERE! I'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM!



MEANWHILE, BACK IN DENVER...

PART 2 SO ALREADY! GERRMAN MUST HAVE THE LOOT BY NOW! I'LL MEET HIM AT HIS HOTEL. GRAB MY CUT, AND TAKE IT ON THE LAM!



AND AT THE LOCAL POLICE STATION, NOT REALIZING THE SUCCESS OF HIS ATTEMPTS, CHIEF KENDALL RECEIVED FURTHER INFORMATION...

THIS MAN, CALVIN SORMAY, HE'S THE BASTY WE WANT! KNOW WHERE WE CAN FIND HIM?

YEAH! HE LIKES TO LIVE REAL FANCY! HAS A RITZY APARTMENT ON THE NORTH SIDE OF TOWN!



LOOKS LIKE OUR BIRD FLEW THE COOP, SIR!

CLAPPER HADN'T THE SLIGHTEST IDEA WHO WAS ACTUALLY PULLING THE JOBS! THIS IS OUR LAST RESORT! KEEP SEARCHING!



WHAT'VE YOU FOUND, CONNELLY? ANYTHING IMPORTANT?

MIGHT BE, CHIEF! IT'S A CRUMPLED CLIP OF PAPER WITH A NAME AND PHONE NUMBER. P. GERRMAN, BRONX 7282. BUT THERE'S NO ADDRESS!



AND AT THAT SAME MOMENT...

IF I KNEW THAT STINKY CRUMB, HE'D PROBABLY WAITED FOR ME RIGHT HERE IN MY APARTMENT FOR HIS CUT! MY WHOLE GANG - WIPED OUT! I'LL MAKE SORMAY CRAWL!







# GRIM VENGEANCE

The night was windy wet with a cold drizzle, when Detective Jerry Kirk, slurred up the steps at the 5th Precinct station house. There was just time to say "hello" to his brother Len before the latter was off duty. Jerry welcomed the chance, because now they wouldn't be seeing each other much, since they were just switched to different shifts. He eased the door open, thrust in his fiery red check of hair, while a ready grin cracked across his freckled face.

Jerry's brother, standing with another man close beside him, turned quickly. Jerry got a look at the other fellow and saw why he stood so close. A circle of steel glittered about his wrist, branding him prisoner in the hall detective. A mosaic of a man, with close-bunched, bushy shoulders, he stood in salmon slacks, his small, oily eyes half-shielded by drooping lids. Jerry frowned. Something vaguely familiar....

"Take a good squint, bud," Len grinned, as he swung the prisoner into better view. "It's the last time you'll see him—I hope. Threading lower. This time, if we send him up, it's for keeps." He smiled at his younger brother's puzzled scrutiny. "Don't remember him, huh? Well, he has changed some since you baited each other around at Public School number. He's...."

"Miss Brown?" said Jerry, as recognition flamed in his eyes. Sure, he knew him. Buddy, tough kid—in a school where all kids were tough. Jerry remembered—remembered how he'd fought the seagharb, older, bigger than himself, when he picked on smaller boys.

They glared at each other, eyes blazing in fierce moment of a boyhood hatred. Jerry asked: "What've you got to him?"

"We picked Miss up on suspicion," Len answered. "Think he pulled the silk-lift job two nights ago. Miss and a couple of other mugs. Shot up the watchman, left him for dead. Got away with a truck-load of silk. Twenty grand, maybe more."

Jerry asked: "Where are you taking him now, Len?"

"Memorial Hospital. The watchman's pulling through. Conscious now—ought to be able to identify this mug."

Jerry muttered a hasty goodbye and slipped nimbly up to the locker-room. There, he crossed to the window. He pushed back the shade and peered out. Down below he saw that Len was just coming out with his bushy charge. As they walked down the steps and stood waiting at the curb, an indulgent smile pulled at Jerry's wide mouth. It was like Len—a little careless, maybe—to stand there, unimpressed of the rain, while a driver brought the squad car

around from in back.

But Jerry's face, as he watched, went suddenly white. He'd seen something else! Something that sent him clanking madly at the window, while he stared, fascinated, at the scene below. The window suddenly shot up with a bang.

"Len!" he screamed wildly. "Look out!"

Too late! The big sedan had sidled up, almost reached the two men at the curb. Something gleamed, caught the light, as the front window slid down. A silver-fined pistol. It went snap, fairly, and a whisp of smoke curled from its ugly mouth.

A groan rose from Jerry's throat as he saw his brother go down, taking Miss Brown with him. Len got his gun out, but before he could shoot—the silver-fined pistol spoke again. Len slumped on the sidewalk.

For one brief instant, Jerry glimpsed the white, up-turned face of his brother. Blood was welling from a hole between the eyes. Then Miss Brown, still curled in the murdered detective, seized the lifeless body in his heavy arms. He leaped bodily toward the yawning rear-door of the sedan.

As the motor thundered its song of power, Jerry's .38 loked sharply against his ivory palm. The sedan's rear window showed to splinters. He emptied his gun, firing at the tires. But the death car skidded around a corner and was gone in a burst of steamed speed....

... One hour later, Jerry was at his station in the waterfront district. One big shed held his interest. He could see nothing wrong. He shrugged and started to move on. Then, still unalarmed, he turned back, and his flashlight once more flickered over the old, weatherworn bulk. He nodded. The padlock, no doubt, was what had caught his eye. It was shaggy, new.

That, in itself, was not suspicious, but he stopped nearer to inspect it. His foot made a muddy track to the wide double doors. Jerry's eyes flared wide, and a pulse hammered in his temple. His tracks stood out with almost cleanness. What? Because the area in front of the doors had left the recent strokes of a broom? Two lines, running out into the roadway, showed unmistakable marks of the brooms.

The answer was obvious. A car had entered this warehouse, shortly after the rain, and its muddy tire-prints had been scrubbed out deliberately!

Jerry's brain roared: Did he have the killers of his brother Len bottled up in there? It seemed an unbelievable stroke of luck. And yet, everything pointed that way. It was somewhere near here that the patrol cars had lost their quarry. A perfect place

for the handlans to huck—probably in fact, when they'd stowed the loot from the oilcloth job.

Jerry picked his way to the side of the shed, seeking a point of entrance. Cautionally he used his flash, peered for a spot where rotting boards had fallen away. It wasn't till he'd reached the water edge that he found such a hole. There, just where the shed went out into the river on piles, an upward thrust of the light showed a gap in the wooden flooring.

Climbering out over the swirling, murky water on the pile-brays, he maneuvered till the hole was just over his head. No ray of light filtered down. No sound, save the angry churning below, reached his listening ears.

He heaved upward through the jagged opening. If anyone wanted to climb in the pitch-black gloom, this was their chance. Nothing happened. He struggled to his feet inside the shed, rubbed dust from his eyes. He dragged out his service gun, held it clutched in his right, while his left fingered the flash.

He was not alone. Some inner sense gave him warning. It lifted the hair at the back of his neck, but did not place his enemies. They might be anywhere, before him, behind, at his sides. One gleam of his flash and he'd be a target. He peered, waiting for the odds at bullet-gaming.

Tense though he was, he wasn't prepared for what happened. Directly ahead two lights flashed on. The keen eyes of a car. Hobbled sketched mind to haul himself out of their range.

But he crashed head-on with a shuddery figure that hoped to mug him, blinded by the jarring impact. Jerry remembered swinging his gun in a blind crack. It thumped solidly against bone. Then as he stumbled off-balance from the force of the blow, he knew one man was out of the trap.

"Get 'em, you lugs!" barked a voice from the car.

Jerry went rigid. That voice—Mitts Brown! A red mist blurred in his eyes as he lunged toward the lights. His '34 thundered. The windshield shattered in a thousand pieces.

Scuffing paws lanced Jerry's shoulder. He wheeled. That shot hadn't come from the car. Across the fan of light a crouched man held a smoking gun, was triggering another shot. Jerry lurched sideways and land wheeled wide. His own gun spoke next the fellow pouncing on his face. Blood gushed from the hole in his head.

As several steel tipped from Jerry's throat. One man fell—Mitts Brown. He reeled toward the glowing headlights. But, even as he did so, the engine roared. Rubber wheels as the car leaped forward. Like a howling juggernaut, it boned down on the dromedary in its path.

If he could waken himself in a corner—But the wall was too far. He'd never make it. Jerry glanced. Mitts Brown, the killer, would go too.

Wild-eyed, he looked far darker. There was more

A few packing-cases lay strewn about, but they'd splinter like rainwood. The muzzling car was close upon him when he turned to run. He stood mutely toward the rear-end of the shed.

The rending crash of wood told him his trick had worked. The lights swerved in a wide arc. Rubber screamed in the tail of the car whipped around. Jerry looked back. The right front wheel had gone through the rotten flooring over the water, and the car was trapped.

"Mitts Brown!" yelled Jerry. "Come out with your hands up!"

Instantly a storm of dogs, blasted from the car. In the uncertain light Jerry made a poor target, but the lead came close. He flung himself behind a flimsy packing case. It was not much protection, but it stemmed him. He poked out his head, snapped two quick shots. The car had swung round so that the driver's door was within range. Not much chance of paring the heavy steel, but . . .

A howl of agony answered his fire. Then all was still. Jerry waited. It might be a trick. He did a nervous thing. Two shots remained in his police M. He'd fired four times—but he quietly removed the empty shells and reloaded the chambers from the reserve magazines in his pocket.

Warily he rose. Orange flame jetted from the car and white hot puffs stabbed Jerry's thigh. Mitts Brown had taken the wound. The dromedary's service gun blazed twice.

A last weak, poked Jerry's mouth as a hoarse yell at its depth. A head from the car. Mitts Brown turned into a cane waving forward, an automatic jutting from his hand. Jerry waited, standing with Brown a live, cut by glass, was a mass of guns. It added horror to the blood lost in his eyes.

"Now, want guy?" he screamed, leveling the gun point black. "Huzer where you got at? Your guts corks. I corks the slugs." His laugh ripped out.

"Two Keks in one day? I've always hated the breed. And now I'm wakin' 'em out!"

His finger whizzed on the trigger, but Jerry's gun spoke first. The killer clunked at his mangled head. Amusement starred his face, then terror.

"Done!" he shrieked, backing from Jerry's vengeance. "Don't! Peks! got your brother—I daks it! You got Peks! I . . ."

I'm not going to harm you, Mitts. The state will do that!" The dromedary leaped forward, blood seeping from shoulder and hip. I'm a cop—not a killer! But, before they fry you, you'll wish a thousand times I'd trashed you quick. It's a mistake to kill a cop—especially if his name's Kirk! You made your own dink, with Brown."

Great satisfaction washed Jerry's face as he put a th. rupper on. He knew what this would have said—dromedary, it seemed, he could hear him say it.

Good work, bud!"

THE END

THE FLEMING MEN AND BEEN DESTROYED BY A LIFE OF CRIME, BUT UNTIL THIS CASE, THEY HAD ONLY PLAYED FOR SMALL STAKES. IT WASN'T UNTIL THEY PLAYED WITH DEATH ITSELF THAT THEIR CORRUPTION CAME UP WITH THEM.

# POLICY FOR DEATH

INSPECTOR, YOU DID A GOOD JOB WRAPPING UP THE FLEMING CASE? THE D.A. WANTED TO THANK YOU FOR THE FINE WORK YOU DID!

THANKS, CHIEF! BUT ACTUALLY THERE WASN'T TOO MUCH FOR ME TO DO! WHEN A MAN AND WOMAN WITH THE LOW CRIMINAL MINDS OF THE FLEMINGS SET ABOUT TO UNDERWRITE A POLICY OF DEATH--IT CAN MEAN ONLY ONE THING--DEATH FOR THEMSELVES!

AN  
ACTUAL  
CASE

FROM WHAT I KNOW OF THE CASE, FLEMING DIDN'T SEEM LIKE THE KIND WHO WOULD TRY SOMETHING LIKE THIS ALONE!

IT MIGHT NOT SEEM THAT WAY, BUT THIS IS HOW IT CAME ABOUT!

WELL, THAT TAKES THE CASE! TWELVE DOLLARS AND THIRTY CENTS! AND A LOSEY, BROKEN-DOWN WATCH! AND WHAT DID WAS DID YOU HAVE TO GOCK OFF TO GET IT? I'VE HEARD OF SMALL TIME THUGS, GEORGE BOY, BUT NOTHING LIKE YOU!

BUT THAT'S ALL THE GUY HAD ON HIM!



I WAS TALKING TO A FRIEND TODAY/ HE'S GOING TO TRY TO WORK ME IN ON A BIG RAIL OVER IN PENNSYLVANIA!

YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS... YOU'VE BLUNDERED MORE JOBS? YOU THINK I WANT TO WEAR THESE SAME CLOTHES ALL MY LIFE?



BUT, MARY, YOU ONLY BOUGHT THEM A MONTH AGO, AND LAST WINTER I GOT YOU THOSE FURS!

SURE, SURE! BUT IT SEEMS AS THOUGH YOU COULD MAKE A REAL RAIL ONCE IN A WHILE INSTEAD OF THESE PETTY JOBS YOU FALL!



WHY? IF I COULD GET A COUPLE OF OTHER WIVES, WE COULD PULL A STEAK UP ON THAT NEW BANK IN DENVER!

I SURE WISH I COULD BUY INSURANCE ON YOUR JOBS!



YAH, THAT'S SOMETHING WE'VE NEVER THOUGHT OF-- OUR INSURANCE! THAT \$10,000 POLICY IS THE ONLY THING WE'VE KEPT UP PAYMENTS ON NOW IF YOU WERE TO KICK OFF ACCIDENTALLY, WHY WITH DOUBLE-INDemnITY--- FIFTY--\$50,000!

OH, FINE!



YAH, THAT'S A SWELL IDEA! BUT I WOULDN'T BE ARGUING TO ENJOY IT!

BUT WHAT IF SOMEONE WHO WAS IDENTIFIED AS YOU WERE FOUND DEAD?



MARY, YOU MAY HAVE SOME THING THERE... I COULD GO OUT WEST AND WHEN YOU SET THE MONEY YOU COULD JOIN ME!

RIGHT? NOW LET'S START WORKING ON IT! THE SOONER THE BETTER!



THAT THEY EVOKED THE DEATH SCHEM... THREE DAYS LATER AND FLEMING BOARDED A TRAIN TO VISIT HIS BROTHER IN BIRMINGHAM, NEW YORK-- WHILE FLEMING STAYED TO BRINE ABOUT HIS "OWN DEATH!"

I'VE BEEN PLANNING TO VISIT ART ANYWAY-- THAT SHOULD COVER US ON THAT ANGLE, NOW DON'T HUFF THIS, BEGGIE! IT'S ALL IN YOUR HANDS NOW, BUT IF YOU DO EVERYTHING AS WE PLANNED, IT CAN'T GO WRONG!

I'LL SET IN TOUCH WITH YOU AS SOON AS IT'S SAFE!

AFTER FLEMING SAW HIS HOPE  
DIE, HE STARTED ON THE FIRST  
STEP OF THE CAREFULLY Laid PLAN.

THERE ARE USUALLY  
PLENTY OF THEM ALONG  
THE TRACKS HERE!



HE'S JUST ABOUT  
MY HEIGHT AND BUILD  
SHOULD DO ALL RIGHT!



SAY, HOW WOULD YOU LIKE  
TO COME OUT TO MY HOUSE  
AND HAVE DINNER WITH ME?  
MY WIFE'S AWAY. I'D  
ENJOY SOME COMPANY  
AND YOU LOOK AS  
THOUGH YOU COULD  
USE A MEAL?

THANKS,  
MISTER!  
I HOPE  
THIS IS ON  
THE LEVEL. I'D SURE  
LIKE A SQUARE  
MEAL FOR A  
CHANGE!



DON'T YOU HAVE ANY PEOPLE...  
SAY RELATIVES WHERE YOU  
CAN LIVE?

NO, I'VE BEEN  
ON THE RUN FOR  
YEARS. MY RELA-  
TIVES AIN'T GOT NO  
MORE IDEA WHERE I  
AM THAN THE MAN IN  
THE MOON!



IT WAS DARK BY THE TIME THEY REACHED THE  
HOUSE. FLEMING PUT HIS CAR IN THE GARAGE, AND  
THEY ENTERED THE HOUSE AT THE BACK DOOR.

WHAT DO YOU SAY WE  
HAVE A DRINK ON THE  
FIRST FLOOR?  
THAT  
SOUNDS?

THAT'S REAL NICE  
O' YOU, BUT DON'T  
GO TO ANY TROUBLE  
FOR ME!



IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE THE DAWNS BEGAN  
TO TAKE EFFECT ON THE UNDERNOURISHED NOBO.

YAH BOW, MISTER FLEMING, IT  
AIN'T EVERY BAY THAT WOULD  
DO THIS FOR A PELLAW!  
LIKE ME?

YOU'RE SO  
RIGHT!  
LOOKS LIKE  
HE'S ABOUT OAK  
FOR A MICKER!



DANCY FLEMING HAD GIVEN THE NOBO A MICKER, HE  
DON'T HAVE TO WAIT LONG FOR IT TO WORK.

THERE! NOW I'LL JUST SLIP MY  
RING ON HIS FINGER, AND MY  
WALLET IN HIS POCKET!





"THE NEXT MORNING, FLEMING WENT OUT AND BOUGHT A PAPER AND RUSHED BACK TO HIS ROOM, EAGER TO READ HIS OWN DEATH NOTICE."

LET'S SEE, HERE IT IS... YIKES  
IN HOME OF S. FLEMING...



IT JUST SAYS THERE WAS A  
FIRE IN THE HOME OF GEORGE  
FLEMING WHICH WAS CONFINED TO  
THE BEDROOM. THE FLAMES WERE  
EXTINGUISHED BEFORE ANY FURTHER  
DAMAGE COULD BE DONE "...BUT  
THERE'S NO MENTION OF  
A BODY!"



"THEN FLEMING FOUND ANOTHER  
ITEM WHICH TURNED HIS BLOOD  
TO WATER."

NOTHING IN THE ORDINARY  
NOTICES---WHAT'S THIS? "LAST  
NIGHT A MAN WAS FOUND IN A  
DABED CONDITION ON ELM STREET.  
HE WAS CUT, BLEEDING AND  
SEVERELY BURNED." THAT'S ONLY  
FOUR BLOCKS FROM MY HOUSE...  
IT DOESN'T SAY WHO HE IS  
...THOUGHT?



I'VE GOT TO GET HOLD OF  
MYSELF... IT WOULDN'T BE IN THE  
EVENING PAPER... IT'S GOT TO  
BE... THAT I WAS BURNED  
TO DEATH...



"THAT EVENING, FLEMING  
RUSHED TO THE STREET FOR  
A PAPER..."

WHAT'S THE MATTER,  
MISTER? YOU LOOK  
LIKE YOU'VE SEEN  
A GHOST?

I  
ONLY WISH  
I HAD?



"BUT WHEN HE READ THE EVENING PAPER, HE WAS  
EVEN MORE SHOCKED THAN BEFORE..."

IT CAN'T BE... THERE'S NOTHING...  
NOT A WORD? AM I DEAD OR ALIVE?  
HOW CAN I LEAVE TOWN TILL I KNOW?



I'VE BLUNDERED AGAIN... MARY  
WILL BE FURIOUS, AND THEY MAY BE  
AFTER ME RIGHT NOW... I HATE  
TO SEE HER BUT I MUST. SHE'LL  
KNOW WHAT TO DO... SHE'S  
NOT TO!



BY ABOUT THE TIME FLEMING WAS TRYING DESPERATELY TO SOLVE HIS PROBLEM, THE BURNED MAN HAD FINALLY REACHED CONSCIOUSNESS.



CAN YOU TELL US WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU?

A MAN PICKED ME UP NAMED FLEMING! HE SAID HIS WIFE WAS AWAY, HE'D GIVE ME A REAL TALK ME HOME, GOT ME DRUNK! GAVE ME A MICKY!

THE MORE MORE UP! EVERYTHING WAS IN FLAMES! HE SAW A WINDOW AND SOME THROTTLE!



HELP!!  
EEEOOW!

THE ONLY THING HE SAW WAS THAT HE HAD TO GET AWAY FROM THE FLAMES! HE RAN DOWN A STREET.



NO! THE FLAMES!  
OOOOWWW!



YOU BLACKED OUT! THAT'S WHEN WE PICKED YOU UP ON ELM STREET?

FLEMING SEEMED LIKE A NICE GUY... BUT HE TROD... HE TROD



I'M AFRAID THAT'S ALL HE'LL BE ABLE TO TELL YOU--HE'S DEAD!

POOR GUY... THAT'S ALL WE'LL NEED THOUGH THIS IS A CLEAR CASE OF MURDER. COME ON, FRYAN, LET'S CHECK FLEMING'S HOUSE!

WE LEFT THE HOSPITAL AND DROVE TO FLEMING'S HOUSE...



REPORTS SAID NO ONE ELSE WAS IN THE HOUSE AT THE TIME OF THE FIRE, BUT THERE'S FLEMING'S CAR

THAT ADDS UP

YES I WENT OVER THE BURNED BEDROOM, FRYAN CAME ACROSS A LETTER...



IT'S TO MRS. FLEMING FROM A BIRMINGHAM ADDRESS. THE FELLOW WHO CROD SAID FLEMING'S WIFE WAS AWAY?

THIS MAY BE JUST THE BREAK WE NEED!









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